

The Daily News

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**GEORGE T. HAMMOND**  
Proprietor.

[Translated from the French]

At the corner of the Rue des Trubans, opposite the chapel of Saint Scheld is

—and such portraits! Fat gossips, with their cats on their knees, aldermen in perukes, burgo-masters in 'three cornered hats, etc.—all brilliant with ochre and vermilion. From portraits, I descended to sketches, then to profiles; at last, even these failed me.

There is nothing more undignified than to have always on your stairs a landlord with thin lips, a screaming voice, and an impudent air, who never loses a chance to call out:—"Are you going to pay me soon, monsieur? Do you know how much your bill amounts to? Oh no! of course this does not trouble you. Monsieur eats, drinks, and sleeps quietly. The good Lord takes care of the little sparrows."—Monsieur only owes two hundred florins and ten kreutzers. A mere trifle! not worth the trouble of mentioning."

Those who have never heard this gumut ascending in their ears, can form no idea of the horror of it. The love of art, imagination, the lofty enthusiasm for the beautiful—wither at the very breath of such a

One night, having not a sou' in my pocket, and being threatened with a prison by the worthy muster, Rapp, I sat down on my truckle-bed and gave myself up to reflection. With the spirit of a suicide, I entered

my head; and the more I reflected, the more desirable such an exit from my troubles appeared to my mind. So numerous and convincing were the arguments in its favor which thronged upon me, that I dared not look at my razor lest the irresistible force of

My dreams were usually of the abominable Rapp; my one desire, to get money

ence. But this night a singular revolution took place in my mind. In about an hour I rose, and wrapping myself in an old gray coat I began to trace on paper a rapid sketch in Dutch style—something

Imagine to yourself a sombre court, inclosed by dilapidated walls. These walls garnished with hooks seven or eight feet

On the left, through a trellis-work of laths, you discern a quartered ox, suspended by strong pulleys from the ceiling; drops of blood trickling from it collect

shambles. The light in the court comes from above, where chimneys and weather-cocks, and stored roofs of houses, are relieved against an angle of the sky. At the extremity is a shed; beneath it a wood-pile, upon which is a ladder, and scattered

How did these heterogeneous details come into my head? I cannot tell. I had no remembrance of any such place, and yet

But on the right, a corner of the sketch remained bare. I did know what to put there, but my imagination insisted on

looked upon it. Suddenly I saw a foot, but it was in a reverse position, and detached from the ground. Spite of its improbability, I followed the inspiration, and sketched it without stopping to account for

my lady. Then the leg appeared, and a portion of the dress. At length the whole figure—an old woman, haggard, wan, disheveled, thrown down on the edge of a well, struggling against a strong hand,

It was a murder that I was sketching! The crayon fell from my hands. The old woman—her face contracted by terror, her form bent over the margin of the well,

derer—to whom the arm belonged. I could not see him. It was impossible to finish my sketch. The sweat drops stood upon my brow. "I am fatigued," I said.

The next day, as I was about to resume

"Come in," I called out; and a man somewhat advanced in years, tall, thin, and dressed in black, appeared upon the threshold. The whole physiognomy of the man, his closely approximating eyes, his large











